

OUR HAPPY TRYSTING PLACE.

Words by
CORA LINDEN.

SONG AND CHORUS.

MUSIC BY

H. P. DANKS.



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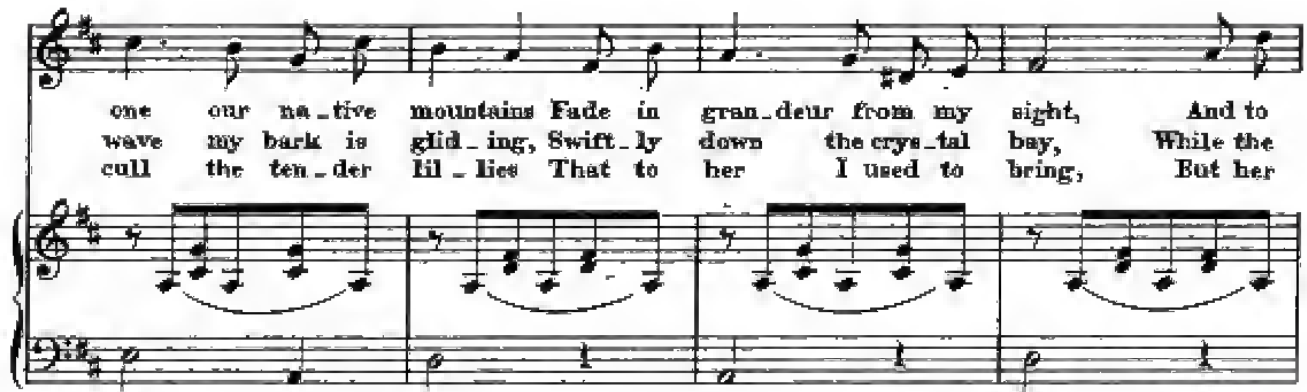
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Music by H. P. DANKS.

Dolce.



1. One by
2. O'er the
3. She will



one our na-tive mountains Fade in gran-deur from my sight, And to
wave my bark is glid-ing, Swift-ly down the crys-tal bay, While the
cull the ten-der lil-lies That to her I used to bring, But her



each with-out a mur-mur, I could bid a long good night; Yet with-
moon in qui-et splen-dor Lights and cheers me on my way; Once I
bird-like voice will trem-ble, When she tries our song to sing; May the

in their fer-tile val-leys, Mem'-ry holds one sa-cred place, Where a
 could have watch'd her beau-ty But my sor-rows came a-pace, For a
 an-gels keep my darl-ing In their pure and fond em-brace, Till we

sad young heart is weep-ing, At our hap-py tryst-ing place.
 sad young heart is weep-ing, At our hap-py tryst-ing place.
 meet where last we part-ed At our hap-py tryst-ing place.

Chorus.

SOP. There at eve her steps will wan-der, There my
 ALTO. There at eve her steps will wan-der,
 TEN. There at eve her steps will wan-der,
 BASS. There at eve her steps will wan-der,

Our happy trysting place.

thoughts one spot will trace, Where a - lone my love is

There my thoughts one spot will trace, Where a - lone my

There my thoughts one spot will trace, Where a - lone my

weep - - ing, At our hap - - py tryst - ing place.

love is weep - - ing, At our hap - - py tryst - ing place..

love is weep - - ing, At our hap - - py tryst - ing place.

Our happy trying place.